

The Missionary Helper

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

DORIS ELIZABETH FOLSOM, Editor

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No. 2

GREETING

To

REMIND you that I think of you and wish you best of blessings. That I rejoice in your gladness, grieve in your sorrow, delight in your success.

I pray that we may be so filled with divine Love that all things must work together for our good, and that our good may be a benediction to others.

May we have such courage of soul that we can fare forth unafraid to meet the day's adventure,—doing the drudgery cheerfully, bearing the vexations patiently, the hurts and hardships bravely; ever mindful of the fact that many frictions may be overcome as we better understand ourselves, our neighbor, and the Father's intent for all.

May we give gladly, receive graciously, and say "Thank You" to God always. So shall we go on together, step by step, day by day, year after year, unto that wider vision, sweeter living and more abundant health of spirit, mind and body, which bring the Kingdom of Heaven here and now.

—Hopedill Farnham.

Motto: Faith and Works Win.

Colors: Blue and Gold.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

"Believe in yourself, believe in humanity, believe in the success of your undertakings."

Let us believe in ourselves as united in one work, and that work directed by God. Then the keynote of missions is perhaps our belief in humanity—that to all mankind is due the chance to live happily, and to learn of the God whose they are; that our fellow-men who are less fortunate than we, are our brothers, our neighbors and that upon us as favored humanity rests the responsibility of righting the wrongs of the world, and spreading the rights of heaven; finally, that all mankind has the ability, and though in some cases subconsciously, the desire of finding the best in life. And believe in the success of your undertakings. The artist cannot achieve without the vision of the finished work. Just so far are missions a success, as the aim is toward the vision of the final Kingdom of God on earth; and with this constantly in mind, we cannot lessen our efforts, nor can our efforts fail.

Dr. H. C. Patton tells us of an interesting experience. As he was passing along a native trail in a remote region, he once met a company of head hunters, armed with bows and arrows. The missionary could interpret, and they fell to talking. Dr. Patton asked the leader of the band if the "words" had come to his village yet. The leader's face lighted up as he answered, "Oh, yes, the 'words' have come! A Christian teacher came to live among us only a week ago." Dr. Patton then inquired, "Would the other villages about here like to have the 'words'?" The leader of the band swept the horizon with his arm and said, "All of them, all of them are waiting for the 'words' to come."

This event took place in "waiting Africa," but it is of no less significance of the attitude of other waiting lands. It is for this that our offer their service and receive their blessing—that the missionaries eager ones may hear and that hearers may become eager to accept and love our Lord and their Lord.

This month comes the call for our "apportionment." This month the church apportionments will be raised. It is the duty of each person to see to it that each church apportionment goes "over the top." It is the privilege of each individual to be a part of this great work, and to

be a contributor at once to local and world-wide benefits. And the campaign closes March thirty-first.

Helper readers will be especially interested in the article called "Three Calls in the Night." This article was found among Mrs. Whitcomb's editorial papers, together with a letter of permission for the story to appear in the Missionary Helper.

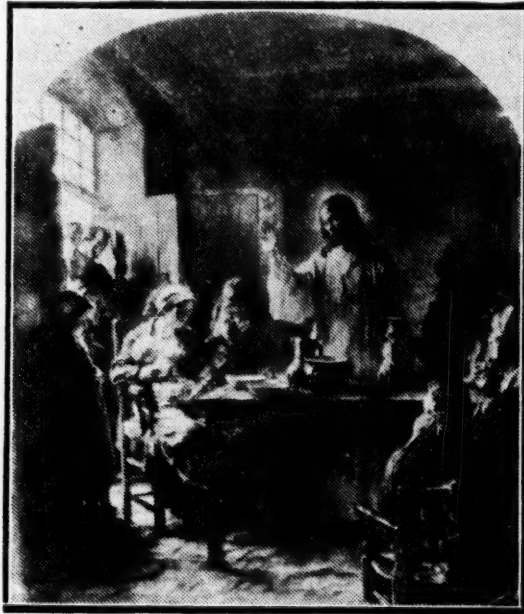
Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Rev Wilbur Eugene Dennett and Miss Philena Sweet Fenner, December 24th, 1918. As Corresponding Secretary of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society and as one of our efficient and popular workers, Mrs. Dennett has a wide circle of friends, who unite in sending greetings and good wishes.

Friends and readers of the Helper are glad to learn of Dr. Howard R. Murphy's safe arrival in this country. While these home visits from missionaries on the field are India's immediate loss, they become America's present and India's final gain, for the personal glimpses which these interested workers bring, inspire us anew to give our time, our money, and our prayers to aid our less fortunate neighbors who are "waiting for the words to come."

It will bring sorrow to the many friends of Dr. J. T. Ward to learn of his death on December 9th, 1918. Dr. Ward has been in failing health for some time and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. G. Sidney Phelps, in Yokohama, Japan. Our cordial sympathy goes to his family, our far-away friends in Japan.

Congratulation to two of our missionary households! In November a little daughter became a member of the Krause family in Balasore, and the winter has brought another son to Mr. and Mrs. Harold I. Frost who are now in this country on furlough.

The long delay in our Missionary Helper has been deeply regretted but at the same time unavoidable through certain difficulties with which our printer has had to contend. We hope, and feel confident that adjustment will soon be made, so that our Helper may appear as usual. Its absence for a time has been a disappointment to many, and as one of our subscribers writes, "It does seem good to hear from some of our missionaries again." It is good to keep in touch with our own work, for such it is, and it is equally delightful to have the little personal chats with our missionary friends.



CHRIST AMONG THE LOWLY

Feel for the wrongs to universal ken
 Daily exposed, woe that unshrouded lies;
 And seek the Sufferer in his darkest den,
 Whether conducted to the spot by sighs
 And moanings, or he dwells (as if the wren
 Taught him concealment) hidden from all eyes
 In silence and the awful modesties
 Of sorrow;—feel for all, as brother Men!
 Rest not in hope want's icy chain to thaw
 By casual boons and formal charities;
 Learn to be just, just through impartial law;
 Far as ye may, erect and equalize;
 And, what ye cannot reach by statute, draw
 Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE HOME MISSIONS COUNCIL

The Home Missions Council is the central organization in which are represented thirty-nine home mission boards and societies, of twenty-four different denominations. There is also the Council of Women for Home Missions, which includes in its membership eighteen women's home mission boards. These two councils held joint sessions in New York City, January 14-16, 1919, with the general subject, "Home Missions and National Reconstruction."

The conditions following the war offer an opportunity, and at the same time lay a heavy obligation upon all home mission workers. "Unless home Missions now rise to the chance, it will go ill for our nation and the nations of the earth," was a remark contained in the opening address of the President, Dr. Charles L. Thompson, of the Presbyterian Home Mission Board. The time has fully arrived when Protestant Christianity, with common plans and unity of effort, must make itself felt in America, not only for the sake of the nation itself, but also because of the influence of America among the nations of the world.

Three special themes were prominent in the program:—(1) The relation of the Church to Labor, with special reference to the industrial communities, which have either sprung up because of the war, or have been greatly crowded and congested because of the sudden development on account of the manufacture of munitions and other war supplies. As a war emergency these communities have been cared for during the last six months by a special committee known as the Joint Committee on War Production Communities, composed of representatives from the General War-Time Commission and the Home Missions Council. These now fall within the home mission field, and will be cared for by committees of the Home Missions Council, cooperating with the home mission boards; (2) The community as a unit is now recognized as the object for which all civilizing and Christianizing influences should combine for uplift and improvement, economic, social, and religious. Communities are developing a consciousness which distinguishes them from

other communities, and prepares them for unified action in promoting human welfare; (3) The conditions of negroes have been greatly modified by the war. Under economic pressure, and because of intensified ambitions, a great migration has taken place, affecting hundreds of thousands of colored people, who have moved from the southern cotton fields, thereby depleting the labor supply, into the industrial communities of the North, which in an already congested population they find with difficulty housing accommodations, school privileges, sufficient opportunities for recreation and amusement, and adequate church privileges. Back from Europe also they are returning, after having offered their lives for the liberty of others, determined upon finding that liberty for themselves, which knows no limitations because of color. Here are serious problems for the church and nation to meet and solve.

Two prominent cooperative movements were launched:—There was formed an organization known as "The Associated Evangelical Churches of Alaska." This association will have a central committee, composed of three members of the Home Missions Council, and one representative from each of the agencies doing missionary work in Alaska. This committee will meet annually, or oftener as required, will consider the needs of Alaska as a whole, and will advise the missionary boards as to the extension of their work, and appropriations of money. The other significant movement bears the name, "The Every Community Service Endeavor." In July 1919 the chief secretaries of the boards engaged in home mission work in Montana will spend three weeks in that state, with the local missionary representatives of the different boards in a careful study of the state, with a view to seeing that at least one of the boards is responsible for every community in the state, so that no town, nor hamlet, shall be neglected and be left destitute of religious privileges.

The spirit of cooperation pervades the church with increasing force and effectiveness.

Alfred Williams Anthony,

Executive Secretary

156 Fifth Avenue,
New York City

THE Y. M. C. A. IN INDIA

By Herbert C. Long.

The Midnapore Y. M. C. A. was little more than a name a few months ago. But a new secretary has arrived, and he has brought new life. The new secretary is Mr. Ganguly, a Quaker from Calcutta. He was formerly a Kulin Brahman, and when he became a Christian he lost his wife and little daughter. He is, therefore, a Christian by deep conviction, and not by the chance of birth. A man of education and ability, he has given up business prospects for the relatively poor salary of a Y. M. C. A. secretary.

The first thing he did upon arriving in Midnapore was to plan a Y. M. C. A. hostel for the boys of Midnapore College. This quite met the approval of the missionary in charge, Dr. H. R. Murphy, who arranged to turn over for the hostel a mission bungalow, not now occupied on account of the station being under-manned. The next was to make some arrangement with the college authorities if possible. Mr. Ganguly was at first told that a small hostel was about to be closed, and that the boys who wished might go to the Y. M. C. A.; moreover the furniture of the small hostel would be sold to the Y. M. C. A. hostel. This was encouraging, but in a few days it became apparent that the principal, a thorough Hindu, was secretly opposed to and opposing the hostel while outwardly neutral. Mr. Ganguly, however, with an energy and perseverance seldom seen in an Indian, finally got the consent of the majority of the college authorities, and the hostel now has a good start with seventeen student inmates, and the furniture from the small college hostel.

While no one is to be forced in any way to change his religion, Mr. Ganguly intends to lose no opportunity to present the claims of Christianity. Every evening before retiring the boys are to meet for prayers. Dr. Murphy led the first meeting with prayer and a very practical talk. The boys were most impressed by the fact that he prayed for them and for the families from which they had come to

college. There is also to be a Bible class every Sunday afternoon. This has also been begun.

At the formal opening Judge Delevingue presided, and in his remarks boldly declared that the purpose of the Y. M. C. A. is to make Christians. Such a fearless championing of the cause by the leading man of the station will not be without its effect. Unlike most government officials, Judge Delevingue is not ashamed of his religion, and the Y. M. C. A. has his valuable help and enthusiastic support.

The democracy of Jesus' Gospel finds expression here. Jesus looks for those who will cast their lot in with the mass of men, ready to do their utmost without wasting valuable energy in trying to secure from their fellows conspicuous recognition. The one who throws himself heartily and efficiently into the blessed obscurity of a great common endeavor is a great man according to the scale of greatness that prevails in the oncoming Kingdom of God. It is the man whose whole soul is given to good team work.....who is needed in the game of life under the new rules.....It is the spirit that Jesus is stimulating in modern civilization. May the intelligence that men anywhere in the earth turning to God be to me good news that shall stir my heart to instant thanksgiving.

—————From Christ in Everyday Life,
Bosworth.

A RED CROSS NURSE, "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

Extracts from Letters from Edna Coldren to Her Mother

June 15, 1918. I'm on duty but our work is light right now. We have only 16 cases in our ward, so are taking turns for days off. I had all day yesterday to myself and surely did enjoy it. There is a troop train just passing. I can hear the boys cheering. They often go through many times a day now.

I have some really exciting news to tell you. Mac and I are to go to the Front with Dr. Lockwood and two enlisted men for work in blood transfusion, gas cases, treatment of shock, etc. It will be fine experi-

ence. We are not sure when we can go, nor do we know how long we will be gone. From two weeks to two months, I suppose. We expect to have a few days in Paris.

June 30th. We have heard nothing more about going to the front. A surgical team of three doctors, two nurses, and two enlisted men just returned yesterday after eleven weeks at the front, where they were on very active duty judging from reports. Mac and I are both through with the isolation ward now. That work won't come again for a long time. We had our day off and celebrated with a picnic out in the country. It was a beautiful afternoon and we greatly enjoyed it.

July 8th. We are still here at our post. A surgical team left yesterday for the front, another goes to-morrow. We are hoping to be called out before long. We had a cold cloudy day the fourth. There was more or less celebrating all day. The evening of the third we had a nice little party at our house. It was planned for a garden party, but was too cold, so we were in our sitting room and had a fire in the grate. There were fourteen of us present. The afternoon of the fourth there was a reception at the "Y" for the French ladies, which was nice.

Saturday will be the thirteenth, the first anniversary of our sailing. We expect to celebrate then.

July 29. This is a big anniversary for us. One year ago we arrived here, all feeling so strange and excited. We are old land marks now, and know our little city like a book. We often direct French people about the town now. On July thirteenth the nurses had a dinner in the Y. W. C. A., which was appropriately decorated to resemble the dining salon of a steamer. At one end the camouflage boys had painted on burlap the Statue of Liberty and New York Harbor. It was all beautiful. We had some very good toasts. Miss Tenny had a splendid one to "Our Allies." I had one to "Our Friends at Home" written in rhyme. Florence Hollick was toast mistress, and sure was good.

I'm on duty now in a barrack. I have been here about ten days and like it. I'm alone in a barrack of thirty-five beds, tho' now we only have twenty patients and none very sick. They are all such nice boys and

so eager to help in any way possible. That makes my work much easier. They are all medical cases. The nurse in the barrack across the hall and I relieve each other for an hour off each day. We were very busy for a few days last week receiving fresh convoys every few hours, and were on duty nearly all day. Now we have settled down again to eight hours a day.

Last night at our weekly party at the "Y", who should walk in but Lillian Grant, a classmate of mine at Northfield! We knew each other at once, and were very much surprised. She is doing canteen work for the Red Cross and has been here four weeks. We shall likely see each other occasionally.

August 17th. My but we certainly have been earning our living the last two weeks! We have had just about all the work we could possibly do. We received a large convoy of wounded eight days ago, and expect more any day. We're seeing real war work now, and the boys are such bricks with such fine cheerful, helpful spirits. We are proud of our American soldiers.

I suppose you wonder why we haven't gone to the front. Well, so do we. I hear they called us once and were told we were so busy here we couldn't be spared.

August 18th., Sunday afternoon. Went to church this morning. Some minister from New York preached. I didn't learn his name. A very fine sermon. We are having extremely hot weather the past week, warmer than any we had last summer, though we probably notice it more as we are working so much harder. Twenty new nurses just arrived to help us out.

August 26th. We received the great news to-night that we are at last going to the front, and we are to leave to-morrow. The hospital is almost empty now after evacuating eleven hundred patients in the last few days. We are preparing for the big drive expected soon.

August 31st. We have been at the Evacuation Hospital for two days. Are well settled, but have no patients yet. But they will come soon. We had a very comfortable trip up here from the base, about

nine hours run. We spent the first night in a small city within walking distance of our hospital. We arrived there at 11 P. M., and were fortunate to find beds at the American Red Cross. There are just three of us on the team now. Dr. Lockwood is with us. When we arrived we found a surgical team from our base, whom we were very glad to see. The nurses are quartered in wards of twelve on the second floor of the main building. We have cots that are comfortable. We expect to have the very sickest patients to care for—those in a state of shock from severe hemorrhages, extensive wounds and exposure, so our work will be hard but very interesting, and most worth while, as those who do recover we know would have died without our immediate attention. We will warm them up thoroughly as soon as possible. We have a number of kerosene stoves with tin radiators over the flame, and drape the bed clothes over them in such a way as to radiate the heat all through the bed. We have tried it on the one patient we have, a surgical case (one of the corps men here) and it works fine. The doctors inject into the blood stream a prepared solution of gum arabic which takes the place of blood very satisfactorily.

This is a beautiful part of France and there are some fine walks which we have taken. It gets dark about 8 o'clock, and we are allowed no lights after 9 o'clock, so we go to bed early. We are getting lots of sleep. There is a town within walking where we can get almost any necessity. We do not know how long we will be here, probably will stay to the end of October or into November. I like it here, but will be very glad to get back to the base. That really seems like home now.

One of the root reasons why prayer becomes merely a pious form is that while people believe in God in a general and vague fashion, they do not vividly grasp the idea that God cares for and is dealing with every one of us.

From the "Meaning of Prayer" y

Harry Emerson Fosdick

THREE CALLS IN THE NIGHT

BY MRS E. C. CRONK, COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

A young girl sat in Northfield, Massachusetts. In her hand was a message which contained sufficient cause for the troubled expression on her face.

The message summoned her to come to India to see her mother, who was ill on the mission field. Ida Scudder did not want to go to India. She thought almost resentfully of the many members of her family who had given their lives to India.

Her noble grandfather, Dr. John Scudder, might have been the most prominent of New York's physicians if he had not read "The Call of Six Hundred Millions" as he waited to see a patient in New York City. That call from out of the darkness and superstition and suffering laid hold of his heart and drew him out to India to give his life in self-spending ministration. His life and work had blazed the way with a trail of light through India's darkness, and never, since it set the light a-shining, had there been a day when there was no Scudder in India to keep this torch burning.

One by one they had come back to America to be educated—his children and his grandchildren. One by one the call of God and of India's awful need had drawn them back. Seven of his children and fifteen of his grandchildren had already gone back to India. Ida Scudder had been born there. Her father and mother were there now, pouring out their lives in service.

"It is enough," said Ida Scudder as she sat in Northfield with the summons in her hand. She would go, eagerly, gladly, to be with her mother while she was sick, but, when her mother was well, she would no longer bury herself in India. She would hasten back to America to live her life as other girls were living theirs.

So Ida Scudder took passage for India to see her sick mother—only to see her sick mother. She assured herself and her friends over and over again that there was no danger of her staying in India—the India that had already claimed more than its share of Scudders.

One night she sat in her father's house in India. As the dusk of the twilight was deepening into the darkness of the night a knock sounded at the door. The girl answered its summons. A man stood before her. He was a high-caste Mohammedan, tall, slender, white-robed. He bowed low and spoke.

"My young wife is ill—ill to the death. Our doctors can do nothing for her. Will the gracious lady come to attend her?" Ida Scudder knew naught of medicine.

"My father," she answered eagerly, "is a medical man. He will come to see your wife."

The Mohammedan drew himself up proudly.

"No man has ever looked upon the face of my wife. We are high born. I should rather a thousand times that she should die than that a man should look upon her face."

Silently he turned and went out into the darkness.

Ida Scudder sat down and thought. She was in India now. In India with this pitiful, unpitied child-wife, who might be dying even as she sat and thought of her. How long she sat she knew not. She was startled by a second knock that sounded. Possibly the man had been softened by the sight of the agony of his little wife, and had come for her father. Eagerly she opened the door. It was not the same man who stood there. Possibly it was his messenger.

"My wife,"—began this man, as had the other, "my wife is very sick. She is giving me much trouble. It is a pity that a wife should give her husband so much trouble. After all my pains she may die unless the *mem sahib* comes and heals her."

The girl looked at him hopefully. Surely he could not be as prejudiced as the other one.

"I am not a doctor," she explained. "My father is a medical man. He will——"

The man interrupted her with a proud uplifting of his turbaned head. "I am a high-caste man," he said. "No man dare look upon the face of my wife."

Even as he spoke he turned and disappeared in the darkness.

Ida Scudder's thought went with him back to the girl. Perhaps she was only a little girl. So many of them were. Perhaps she was dying even now because no man could help her and there was no woman to help. Something clutched at the heart of the American girl over there in India and choked her throat as she sat helpless and unhelping. It was terrible that two calls should come in such rapid succession on the same night. As she shuddered at the thought and the misery of it all a third knock sounded. A third man came before her. His voice was almost eager.

"My wife," he said. "She is ill, very ill. They told me I could find help for her here. A wonderful foreign doctor who had done remarkable things." At last there was a call for her father!

"Oh, yes, I will send my father," she answered gladly.

The man involuntarily straightened himself. "Not a man! No man shall look upon the face of my wife. You must come."

In vain did the girl plead that her father would come. Sadly and alone the man departed as had the two other men before him. Ida Scudder sat down again. Were all the suffering child-wives in India calling to her that night? Was one of those endless processions she had read about in missionary magazines actually going to march by her door with unending, maddening continuance?

The night passed on. The day dawned. Ida Scudder walked out into the street. As she passed a gateway she heard wailing and loud lamentation. It chilled her heart. She knew that the life of one of the child-wives had passed with the passing of the day.

She went on. At another house the beating of the musical instruments, the shrieks and the moans, told her that a second little wife was dead.

She would have turned back, sick at heart, but a relentless hand drew her on until she stood before the rude bier bedecked with flowers, which was to carry away the poor little body of the third wife whom the skilled touch of a physician might have healed.

Unspoken accusations sounded in her ears though no voice sounded the words that accused her, "If thou hadst been here, these might not have died."

That fall, among the names of those who entered the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, there appeared the name of Ida S. Scudder. She heard the call of the women and children of India; the call of her grandfather's love of his life; the call of her father's and mother's sacrifice. Above all, she heard a call which came from the lips of a Man Who hung upon a Cross. The print of thorns was upon His brow. Nail wounds were in His hands and His feet, and His side was pierced. The Cross seemed to be transplanted until it stood in India's soil, and the voice of Him upon it said not "Go ye" but "I have died for India. Come follow me."

As she has followed the Cross into India Dr. Ida Scudder has brought blessing and health and life to thousands of India's girls and women. She passes on to the girls and women of America those knocks that are summoning aid in the night. The night is dark in India and we have light. The call comes not from three only but from the three hundred and fifteen millions of India's people. They appeal with an insistent call for some to go and for all to give and to pray.

—By Permission of THE MISSIONARY REVIEW OF THE WORLD

TREASURER'S NOTES

"Let the church of to-day remember that there are resources in Christ, for this time of crisis, that he is able to develop. * * * Let the church increase the area of its sowing of the spiritual seed.

* * * Let the Missionary societies' treasuries be filled to the brim.

* * * Let us, as one man, believe that so much as we sow the seeds of a holy energy, that much we shall reap a glorious world harvest."

The supporters of Sinclair Orphanage children will be especially interested in the following word from Dr. Mary Bacheler: "The Sunday

after I got back (from vacation) was review Sunday in Sunday School and the girls delighted in rushing in to me on their return from Sunday School telling me those who repeated the Golden Texts for the quarter.

That evening I got them all together and they repeated them again. Wee Beraj repeated nine and was so dear about it that when we finished she was asked to stand up again, and this time she repeated **ten!**

I'll give you the names: Haro, Sunondini, Louisa, Prohaboti, Budhini, Mukhi, 2" Mary, Priscilla (Sohagi) Moni, Muktakasi, Kumodini, Kusum, Mutree, Beraj, Sundri, Della, Subasini, Saree, Rhoda (Lude) Uma (a most silent child), Usha, Kosili, Gladys, 2" Nevoda, Subasini, Santi, Daisy, Khetri—28 of them!"

The following shows us "how" sometimes the babies, the girls, become **our** babies, **our** girls: Last time Mr. Krause went to Ujurda, a little girl about eight or nine, without any parents, or anybody, just begging from door to door, made up her little mind to come to Sinclair Orphanage. She even got into the ferry boat, though repeatedly refused, and had to be put aside protesting. (Mr. Krause wasn't sure I would take her.)

This last long vacation the whole nine Ujurda children begged to go home, and so two women went with them, who were to return the next week, and I charged them to bring me this child. Her name she gave as Usha, but as that name is pre-empted, the girls decided to call her Ujjolla. She has a nice face. She does not know her letters at all, and will have to begin at the beginning. I have put her in Jamini's care with the little ones for the present." Jamini, you remember, is one of the older girls, who is in charge of a group of the younger children.

The following personal word comes to **each** from our N. E. District Treasurer, Miss Hilda L. Olson. What is the answer?

WIN OR LOSE— WHICH?

You will either do one or the other. There is no half-way!

Your church has a definite Missionary Apportionment to meet this year. Will it meet it in *full* and close the year in honor or will it fall short of its apportionment and sound the note of defeat?

WHICH?

Whichever way *you* decide—your church will decide!

Only as you do *your utmost* to meet the apportionment will your Church do its best. New England this year has a United Foreign Apportionment of \$24,850, which must be met by March 31, and with all the other urgent demands of the day—no *power* on earth will raise that amount, save through the *power of prayer*.

Will you then pray—*earnestly and definitely* for a full Treasury? Pray for *your church*—that it *meet its apportionment* and so close this year in *honor*.

Nothing can withstand the power of Prayer.

Every dollar you can spare send *now* that there be no delay, no deficit. See 2 Cor. 9: 6.

We once knew a little girl whose syllabic division of lonesome amused us. It was "I am lone-mama-some," with the substitution of names of little brother, sister, or friend. This flashed to mind as we have the moment been recalling the various messages from friends near and far,—messages of inquiry, indicating that we all have been lone-Helper-some; "lost without the regular visit of the magazine;" "the home letter with the news from the familiar and dear ones etc."

Oftimes we are unable to prevent the thing we earnestly long to prevent, or to accomplish the thing we greatly desire. This is the case in the delayed publication of the December and January numbers of our magazine. This "cannot," however, is a thing of the past, the **present** gives us opportunity to show our loyal appreciation of our **Helper** by rallying to its support, and by making our appreciation and loyalty enthusiastically contagious.

Have you found our **Helper** helpful?

Speed it on!

If it's brought you information

Pass that on.

Yours for the speeding,

Edyth R. Porter.

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

Make the best of everything;
Think the best of everybody;
Hope the best for yourself.

—George Stephenson.

GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION AGENT'S NOTES

Fellow readers of the Helper, and fellow workers in the field it represents:—

While the Helper has sustained a great loss in the passing of its beloved editor, and many a subscriber has asked how the magazine could possibly go on without her, yet we can assure them that in Miss Folsom, who was closely associated with Mrs. Whitcomb in conducting the magazine the past year we have a worthy and competent occupant of the editorial office. She is worthy of all confidence and of the fullest co-operation, which I am sure every subscriber and friend of the Helper will give her. Meanwhile what could more rejoice the spirit of our late editor and be a more valued evidence of our appreciation of her long and devoted service for the Helper than a rally in every Auxiliary to roll up a larger subscription list than we have ever had before?

The delay in issuing the Helper has been deeply regretted but it was due to causes that no one connected with its management could either foresee or prevent. At the same time the delay has furnished a cheering proof of the large place that the magazine has in the hearts of its subscribers. Every mail has latterly brought anxious inquiries about the reason of the delay with the hope that its customary visits will soon be resumed. At this writing the worst of our troubles seem to be passed, and we hope that this message may soon be read in the regular orderly issue of Helper.

Cordially,

A. M. Mosher

107 Howland St., Boston, Mass.

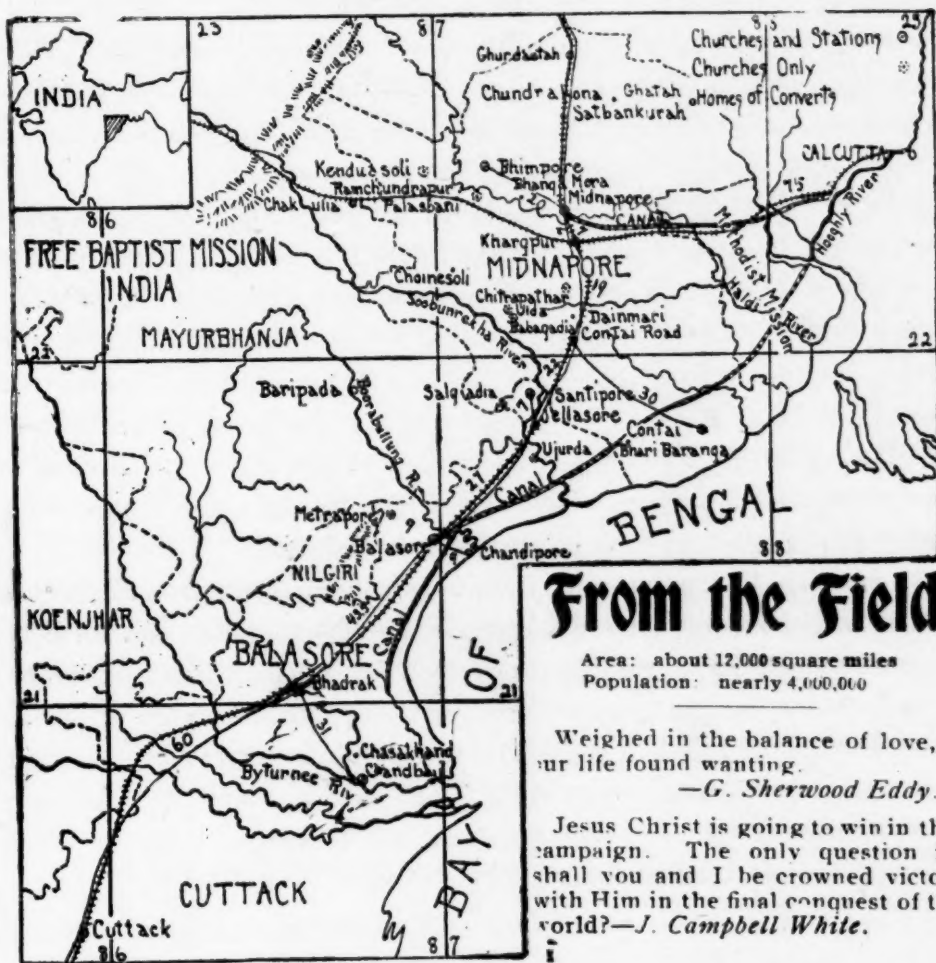
Just to follow hour by hour

As He leadeth;

Just to draw the moment's power

As it needeth.

—F. R. Havergal.



If those who send the missionaries forth more fully realized the nature of the battle to which they go, none would ever suppose that his Christian duty were done when he had contributed for the outfit, the passage money and the salary for sending the ambassador abroad and maintaining him upon the field. The real support of the missionary and the whole missionary enterprise calls for something even more valuable than money—sympathy, desire, heart burden,—finding their expression in intercessory prayer.

—Ferguson.

A DAY WITH OUR MISSIONARIES

How glad we would be to have you, our "Helper" friends, just spend a few days with us while we are out visiting the country villages! Certainly none of you could walk out across the rice fields on one of these lovely November mornings and not love India.

We are staying for three weeks in a village about 30 miles from Midnapore. There are twelve villages within a radius of three miles—all of which we visit. There are fourteen of us—Bible women, children, servants, etc. living in a two-room mud house. We sleep on the floor of the mud verandah with a little rice-straw scattered under our blankets and our mosquito nets strung to the roof. The lantern must burn all night beside us, because there is jungle on three sides of the house and the leopards visit the village at night and capture any stray cow or calf that may have been left at large.

About 5.30 in the morning, we must all be up, draw water from the well for our pour bath, dress and seek each his own quiet spot for communion with the Father and to receive from Him His orders for the day. At 6.30 we sit on the floor and eat our toast and tea; after which all gather on the verandah for morning prayers. As we are probably going to a village three miles away, a Hindu man has come to take us in his bullock-cart. We are soon off, packed in tight and bumping along in the springless "oxomobile."

When we arrive at the village, the children all flock out to see the white-folks. We select a house, rather centrally located and ask if they will give us a place to sit down. After making sure that we are all women and have not come to beg, a mat, old grain bag, or a dirty bed blanket is spread on the ground and we are seated. Before our first song is finished, the women and children of the near-by houses have gathered. We cannot begin our story until their curiosity is satisfied, and these are some of the questions we must answer: Are you married—have you any children—was your little girl white when she was born, or did you make her white with soap—haven't you even one boy—what do you eat—do your clothes come off—are you white under

your clothes—etc? After these questions are answered as satisfactorily as possible, Josada takes the picture of Jesus healing blind Bartimeus and begins the Story.

They are very much interested and she takes this opportunity of telling them that sin and ignorance have made them blind, and that only our Jesus can heal them and give them sight. Then come the stories of Jesus' life—birth, miracles, and finally the death on the cross. It is all new to them. A few understand and are interested to the last, but that Jesus gave his life for **them** is far beyond their comprehension. Why should He?—no one else has ever done anything for them except make life hard. It can't be meant for them. He is the white folks' Jesus, not theirs. And right here is the hardest question we have to solve:—How can we make them **know** and **feel** that this Jesus is **theirs**, and that he loves them and wants them? We do the very best we know how and yet, when we are through, we realize how far short we have come of making them know **as we know**. After all, only the Spirit can bring sight to the blind eyes.

You wonder what objection they could make. The greatest is that they are extreme fatalists, believing that God makes them do everything they do, even to sinning. If God loved them He would send rain for their rice, and not let them be hungry all the time. One man tells us that the gods have forsaken them because everybody is listening to this Jesus-talk.

In this way we visit several homes, and the forenoon is gone. We get home at noon—hot, tired, and hungry, and sit down on the floor to a big plate of rice and curry.

After this we all take our noon-day rest, and then go out again, this time walking to a nearer village. Every experience is different; every houseful of people treat the Story differently. A few are touched and really moved by the power of the Story. These we go to talk with again and again. Many confess that their gods cannot help them and that our Jesus must be true, but it takes courage, conviction, and strength of character to accept and bear the necessary persecution.

We come back across the rice-fields at dusk, feeling a deep inward joy that we have been permitted and sent to carry the "News," and yet with a thoughtful heart, wondering what else we might have said to make them see. And just before retiring for the night, we pray as does little Doris: "Dear God, please give the Hindus sense to know Jesus."

The people listen this year as never before, and invite us to their homes again and again. If we could stay and live amongst them, and love and serve them, we might make them know the love of God. But we must move on. There are thousands in our field waiting, who have never heard. The field is so great,—the laborers so few, and the cold season so short. Dear Friends—you working together with God in prayer can accomplish results that we with our limited time and strength cannot do. Pray the Lord of the Harvest to send forth Reapers.

Yours in the Master's service,

IDA HOLDER.

VACATION DAYS

Dr. Mary W. Bacheler.

We had such a nice time last hot season vacation and did so many interesting things that I thought this year I would keep a little diary of events.

The first incident of the vacation was the welcome arrival of a carload of coal from somewhere up country. The war has upset things out here, and the government has "commanded" so many of the railway cars that it is very difficult to get anything transported. I went up and interviewed the man in charge personally. He said there was no difficulty about getting the coal, but it wasn't easy getting hold of any cars to carry it. He said that he would do what he could, but would promise nothing positively. So when I found that I was getting a carload of nineteen tons, I was very pleased, of course. I had to hire men to watch it day and night, as it wasn't safe, even in the railway yard.

Bullock garries brought it from the station to the door, and the next question was, how it was to be got into the store room. I found some of the girls were needing money, so offered them the job. They took hold with a will, carrying it in pails, baskets, and tubs, and it was finally all safely stored. With care it ought to last eight months at least, and perhaps longer.

Then Rev. Rakhal Babu arrived to hold a series of meetings with the girls. He teaches near Calcutta, in the Harry Martyn Divinity School and is a most godly man. He had one or two meetings some days, and some days three. Rakhal Babu always teaches the girls new songs, and that they enjoy greatly. He was with us a week, and a blessed week it was.

His talks, formal and informal, were most helpful. One I especially remember. He read the fifteenth chapter of John, and then named each finger with something the children must be. In Bengali they all began with s.—Sakha (branch), Seeshya (disciple), Soka (companion), Sabok- (servant), Sakhee (witness.)

Rakhal Babu held his last meeting Wednesday afternoon. The girls had attended so constantly that we decided to let them have the rest of the week, so did not ring any bells for them. Next Monday morning they began on their vacation program of two hours of school work in the morning, and as much study in the afternoon as they chose to put in.

Tuesday afternoon we planned for a small party to go to visit a native house. They were to go in the Bible women's carriage, which was at the Colletts'. I sent off the party to walk that far, and followed in the buggy, thinking to overtake them halfway, but I found them still at the Colletts'. The farrier was pounding nails, and the bullocks must be shod before they could go anywhere! So we abandoned that plan. We went to call on an elderly Eurasian lady, and each girl was given a pretty bunch of flowers.

On the way home the Matron suggested that we go to the bazaar and buy fish for the next day, so we turned in at the corner, went to

the little market, and bought fish. This always pleases the girls very much. As it was past eating time, I got them some popped rice which they munched as they walked along.

The next afternoon we went to our landlord's big establishment, and the girls were shown over the public parts, including the garden house and the several gardens. A high wall along the road protects the outer court from the public. We entered through a gate, and found ourselves in a yard, containing an artificial pond with brick steps leading down into the water, a half built temple of ornate design, piles of brick and rubbish, in connection with new and old buildings. On the north and west are the public buildings and the entrances to the private parts of the establishment, where the temples are and where the women and children live. We were taken up the steps into a hallway opening onto an open square courtyard, paved with cements, and covered in with netting at the top. A verandah runs all around this court, with rooms opening on it. The walls were hung with pictures, and the rooms, not large, nor well ventilated, nor light, were stuffed with chairs, tables, and other furniture. On the west veranda we passed between big partitioned cages on one side and parrots and a cockatoo on perches on the other. The birds in the cages were of beautiful plumage. The snowy cockatoo with a dainty pale green crest was a restful contrast to the brighter gayer birds,

The one large room on the north is furnished with benches, chairs, and a low platform with low desk—the zemindar's court room, where he holds inquiries, etc. The next room (on the east of the central court) contains broad divans, pianos, a nice organ, a harp, etc., for the former proprietor was a man of many tastes, and we were told that he played on the various musical instruments.

The floor space of the library is taken up with tables, chairs, a desk, etc. till you can hardly get around, and the walls are covered with book cases and pictures. Two doors have a carved book case above and on each side, so doors are set in a carved framework of book case with glass doors.

The manager, a young nephew of the late proprietor, was very gracious, and gave us roses from the rose garden.

Another group of girls went there two days later, and saw the same things, only more, as we started earlier and so had more time. The proprietor's older brother met us and talked with us, and as we were coming away, sent a basket half full of nice ripe plums, which I gave out to the children the next morning.

One day Miss Barnes took the girls to see the Zilla School, a High School, the same grade as ours. The girls were very pleased. They were asked to sing, and did so. After seeing the school "plant" Miss Barnes took them a little farther to see a dear old man whom they went to see last year and the year before. He is quite a character, has written books of dainty Oriya poetry, and school books that have honored place on the curriculum of the Ravenshaw College at Madras. He has a wonderful garden which to the children is a veritable Garden of Delights, with its many plants, its flowers, its tanks, its statuary, and best of all its dear master, so gentle and so courteous to them all. He was sick when they went to see the garden last year, and afterwards to see him. He insisted on seeing them all, and sat up and greeted and blessed each one. I hope the girls will never forget it—it was really an event in their lives to even see such a great man, and even more of an event for him to greet each one of them personally. This year he was too sick to see them, but they stood outside his window and sang for him.

School has begun again now after vacation, and all are away during the day except the sick ones. All are back but one, whose father writes that the mother and brother both have birthdays, and he is keeping her for them. He will bring her next week.

Balasore, June 1918.



REV. RAJANI MAHAPATRA, BAPTIZING AT BANSBONI INDIA

FOUR SCENES IN BENGAL

Dear Home Friends:

Let me picture for you a few scenes which have been set here in Contai within the last few months. The first scene is a river bank at high noon, where a large crowd has gathered in the heat to watch a man and his wife follow God's command. This event shows the final fruition of our work during the cold season at a place called Nilpuri. The people at first seemed to grow more bitter than otherwise. We left the place discouraged. When I returned after an interval of several weeks, the very man who had been so bitter said he wanted Jesus as his Saviour. I had prayed with him a number of times and knew he understood the fundamentals, so when he said, "I want to be baptized now," I was only too glad to administer the ordinance.

About nine miles away through jungle and rice fields at Kalamatia, the second scene takes place. It is a beautiful moonlight night. The water from the spring bubbles up, clear as crystal. A goodly number on the shore singing praises to God watch as we help a young man and his

wife to follow the Lord in Baptism. After this service I preached and administered the Lord's Supper. We welcomed into the church five new members. The pastor Seba has done excellent work at this station.

A day or so later at seven-thirty in the morning picture to yourselves over seventy Santals gathered around a tank while we immerse an elderly man and his wife. They had prayed and in their humble simple way had desired to follow Jesus. Their pastor tells me that they have been faithful since this time. The poor woman had been accused by the Santal witch doctor of eating the souls of a man and of several children so that they all died. We were happy to give this poor woman and her husband an introduction into the presence of the Master—the only power capable of delivering one from evil.

A week ago today a young man, well educated and very promising followed his newly accepted Lord in baptism. He had traveled to many Hindu sacred places, had studied the various religions of India, had read the lives of Bengal's reformers, had joined the Brahmo Samaj or Hindu Unitarian Society but in none of these places did he find food for his hungry heart. Yesterday our church was packed and many were standing outside as he told his life history and why he accepted the Christ. The people listened attentively for over two hours of his experiences. He said, "I have tried to get peace at the shrines of India's religions but to no avail. In accepting Jesus as Saviour my heart has been filled with satisfying peace."

These new Christians are babes in Christ. With your hearty prayerful support they can become sturdy Christians.

You have been so loyal and faithful to us while we labored out here that we shall receive new strength in seeing you all again next spring, God willing.

Yours cordially,

John A. Howard and family

Contai, Bengal.

Our Quiet Hour

Our failure to think of prayer as a privilege may be partly due to the fact that we can pray any time, "in every place." The door of prayer is open so continuously that we fail to avail ourselves of an opportunity that is always there. There are plenty of people in London who have never seen the inside of Westminster Abbey, partly because they could go there any day. Consider then the aptness of Austin Phelps' illustration: "In the vestibule of St. Peter's, at Rome, is a doorway, which is walled up and marked with a cross. It is opened but four times in a century. On Christmas Eve, once in twenty-five years, the Pope approaches it in princely state, with the retinue of cardinals in attendance, and begins the demolition of the door, by striking it three times with a silver hammer. When the passage is opened, the multitude pass into the nave of the cathedral, and up to the altar, by an avenue which the majority of them never entered thus before, and never will enter thus again. Imagine that the Throne of Grace were like the Porta Sancta, inaccessible, save once in a quarter of a century. Conceive that it were now ten years since you, or I, or any other sinner, had been permitted to pray: and that fifteen long years must drag themselves away, before we could venture again to approach God; and that, at the most, we could not hope to pray more than two or three times in a lifetime! With what solicitude we should wait for the coming of that Holy Day!" It may be that through sheer negligence and the deceiving influence of good but weak intentions, we are missing one of life's great privileges, because it is so commonplace.

—Harry Emerson Fosdick:

The Meaning of Prayer.

O Lord, keep me sensitive to the grace that is round about me. May the familiar not become neglected! May I see Thy goodness in my daily bread, and may the comfort of my home take my thoughts to the mercy seat of God."

—J. H. Jewett.

Juniors



LITTLE BROWN FRIENDS FOR WHOM OUR JUNIORS PRAY

A PRAYER

Lord, teach a little child to pray,
And then accept my prayer;
Thou canst hear all the words I say,
For thou art everywhere.

A little sparrow can not fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

Teach me to do the thing that's right,
And when I sin forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
To serve thee while I live.

Whatever trouble I am in,
To thee for help I'll call;
But keep me more than all from sin,
For that's the worst of all.

—Jane Taylor.

HOW CHARLIE'S FORTUNE WAS TOLD.

This happened a good many years ago, and I'm not going to tell you the real names of these two persons, because I have not their permission, though they would probably be willing to give it.

Mr. Allen was a well-to-do but quite peculiar old merchant; and when he needed a boy one time, he found a very original way of trying him. The boys of the town who wanted a place in the store came at once when they saw the sign, "Boy Wanted," in Mr. Allen's window. There were six boys who applied, but none of them stayed more than a few days; for Mr. Allen's test found them all more or less lacking.

Such a queer test as it was! Up in the attic over the store was a big, long box full of nails and screws and rusty iron, good for almost nothing—unless to try the patience of a boy very severely. Each boy in turn had a trial over that box—not the first day or hour perhaps, but some time when there seemed nothing else to do. For if the boys had realized that this work was a test, of course, they would have persevered. But to each boy Mr. Allen had given the task of putting to rights that box of iron "trash," as they called it. Some of them had worked very well for a while, but sooner or later had given up in disgust, telling their employer that there was nothing worth saving there. And soon after that they were sent away.

By and by Charlie Dixon came. He had not applied before, because he was working for Jackson, the grocer. But Jimmy Jackson, the grocer's son, was to help his father as soon as his school term closed, and the grocer would not need Charlie, who must find another place, as he helped support his widowed mother. As Charlie did not know the other boys, having been too busy to play, and not being able to attend school because of the need of helping his mother, he had not heard of that box. He did the errands given him the first day like any errand boy. But the second morning, a rainy one, brought few customers, and there was less work to be done. So in leisure time Mr. Allen told him to go up into the attic and put in order the long box of iron. Dinner time came, but no Charlie. He was still working away.

"Have you got through?" Mr. Allen called up the stairs.

"No, sir," came down the answer; "not half, I think."

"Well, it's dinner time now. Go to your dinner, and then you can go back to the box," Mr. Allen told him.

After Charlie had eaten his dinner, he went back again to his task. And all that long, rainy afternoon he worked away at the "trash." At last, when it was almost dark and his hours for work were really up and more than up, Charlie came down into the store.

"I've done the best I could, Mr. Allen," he said.

"I've got it in order now. And I found this at the bottom of the box." And he handed a five-dollar gold piece to his employer.

"Queer place for gold," mused the merchant, and the darkness hid the twinkle in his eyes as he took the money Charlie held out to him. "Glad you found it. Well, good night. You'll be on hand in the morning, of course?"

"Yes, sir," nodded Charlie, glad that the merchant seemed planning to keep him.

After Charlie had gone home, Mr. Allen took a lantern and went up into the attic. There was the big box in perfect order, in spite of being the gathered rubbish for many years. Mr. Allen's eyes twinkled again as he looked at it. Charlie had been most thorough. He had made little compartments with some shingles, and each till was labeled carefully, a shingle with the words marked plainly being laid on top of each; "Screws," "Fairly Good Nails," "Poor Nails," "Picture Hooks," "Keys," "Bent Keys," "Iron Scraps," and so on.

How Mr. Allen laughed to himself over his rubbish box. "I've found a boy, and I rather think he has found a fortune," he chuckled to himself alone in the attic.

Next morning the sign was gone from the window. Mr. Allen had found his boy. One day the old merchant brought a motto to Charles and told him to hang it at the front of his bed. "It tells your fortune for you," he said.

Charlie unwrapped it and read: "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." Charlie had told his own fortune in that rainy day's work on the box. But it was not until a long time afterward that he learned the secret of that old box of iron trash. Charlie owns the store now. Mr. Allen made him a partner years later, and, when he died, left it all to his one-time errand boy.—Normal Instructor and Teacher's World. The Church Advocate.

Contributions

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

All money, including Thank Offerings, intended for church apportionment credit, should be sent to District Treasurers and Joint Secretaries, Home and foreign; but gifts not intended for church apportionment may still be sent to the treasury of F. B. W. M. Society, and such gifts, when so specified, may be applied on life membership.

MAINE

| | |
|--|---------|
| Bradford, Mrs F M Holt, T O for Widows' Home | \$ 2 00 |
| Eustis Center S S for Sinclair Orphanage | 2 38 |
| Lisbon Falls, F B W M S for benefit of Miss Coombs | 5 00 |
| Litchfield Plains, W M S Mem'l Fund of late Jennie R Smith for salary Miss Coombs \$6.00; work for Storer College \$6.00 | 12 00 |
| Newport, Mrs Elizabeth Kinney for Harmonie in S O | 4 00 |
| Pittsfield S S (Primary Dept \$10.00) for Support Ketric in S O | 25 00 |
| Weeks Mills, "Friend" for Contingent Fund | 2 00 |

NEW HAMPSHIRE

| | |
|--|----------|
| Lakeport Aux, Cole Fund for Widows' Home | \$ 12 00 |
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VERMONT

| | |
|--|---------|
| Lyndon Center, Mrs J W Burgin for Sinclair Orphanage | \$ 5 00 |
|--|---------|

NEW YORK

| | |
|---|---------|
| Eden, Mrs Nettie Fowler for Bengal-Orissa | \$ 2 00 |
| Onconta, Miss M S Firman for Storer College | 3 00 |

MICHIGAN

| | |
|---|---------|
| Gobleville, C R Life Membership Margaret Millimon | \$ 5 00 |
|---|---------|

MISCELLANEOUS

| | |
|---|----------|
| H C Phillips Estate for salary for Mrs I Holder | \$150 00 |
| Income: | |
| Children of Sinclair Orphanage | 63 50 |
| Work at Balasore, Bengal-Orissa | 39 56 |
| Storer College | 20 50 |

Total Receipts December, 1918. . . . \$353 44

EDYTH R. PORTER, Treasurer

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

Receipts for December, 1918

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath the sum of — to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine.

